

A WEIRD, WILD STORY.

Hitherto Unpublished Anecdote in a Celestial Newsmonger's Career.

CHAP. I.

"I wish I were worth \$1,000,000!" The young man had uttered his wish aloud. To his surprise and confusion a quiet voice at his elbow replied:

"You can have it, sir, on one condition."

Bolivar Smearens turned suddenly and found himself in the presence of a small man with prominent ears, keen eyes and a beard of medium length.

"I thought I was alone!" he stammered. "How did you come in so quietly? Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am," replied the small man, "nor how I came in. Let it suffice that I have the power to make you wish a reality."

"Are you a wizard?" inquired Bolivar, with a crawling sensation in the region of his spine and a queer feeling at the roots of his hair.

"I am sometimes called a wizard," said the small man, imperturbably.

"And you will give me \$1,000,000?"

"On one condition."

"And that—"

"Is that nothing in your appearance, manner of living, or use of the money shall awaken any suspicion that you are a man of wealth."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Bolivar, joyfully. "I accept."

"Now mark me well," said the little man. "There is a penalty for the violation of this agreement. The money will be supplied to you at regular intervals and in designated sums. Any failure on your part to carry out the contract will result in the immediate shutting off and forfeiting of the supply. You need not think to deceive me. There may be other penalties," added the little man, with a queer smile, "but they are chiefly such as will naturally attach to the extraordinary position in which you will find yourself. Here is \$1,000. At the end of two weeks you will present yourself at the banking-house of Bilks & Gammon and inquire for Mr. Ryno, my confidential agent. He will give you \$40,000, and you will draw a like amount every two weeks till the whole is drawn. I wish you joy, sir, in the sudden fulfillment of your hastily-uttered desire."

Bolivar Smearens took the \$1,000 and looked at it in a dazed manner for some moments. When he raised his head and to thank his unknown benefactor he found himself alone in his employers' store. He looked up the building and went to his lodgings.

CHAP. II.

"Mr. Smearens," said the head salesman at Spotcash & Co.'s, sharply, as Bolivar went into the store the next day, "you are late this morning for the second time this week. If this occurs again I shall report you to Mr. Spotcash."

"Report and be hanged!" exclaimed Bolivar. "I don't care for you or old Spotcash either! I am not dependent on this store for a living."

"Oh!" sneered the salesman. "Man of means, are you? Has some rich relative died and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Spangler," said Bolivar, as the recollection of his agreement with the little man flashed across him. "I spoke hastily. I shall try to be prompt hereafter. Please say nothing to Mr. Spotcash."

CHAP. III.

"Mrs. Harrington," said Bolivar to his landlady. "I believe I owe you for six weeks' board. Here is the money. Never mind the change. Three or four dollars isn't worth making a fuss about. I have been thinking, Mrs. Harrington, of going to a hotel to board hereafter."

"Law, Mr. Smearens! Have you had a windfall—struck oil or something of that kind?"

"Bless your soul, madame, no!" protested Bolivar, in dismay, as the thought of the little man again intruded itself. "And since I come to think of it I need that little change—\$3.75, isn't it?—to pay a wash bill. I was only joking when I talked of going to a hotel. These are hard times, Mrs. Harrington—terrible hard times—for a young man on a small salary."

CHAP. IV.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Smearens," said the deacon at church, as he came to the pew where the young man was sitting. "but you surely made a mistake in dropping this \$50 gold piece into the contribution box just now." You thought it was a silver dollar, of course."

"Certainly not," replied Bolivar, loftily. "that's all right, I—I—why, of course I made a mistake. One dollar was what I meant to give. I'll take the \$50 gold piece. Thank you. It—it doesn't belong to me, anyhow. It's borrowed."

CHAP. V.

"I can make you a suit of clothes out of this piece of goods, Mr. Smearens, for \$30. That may seem high, but I can warrant the cloth to wear like buckskin."

"I don't want a suit of cottonade or jeans, Mr. Snip. What would a suit of this piece cost?"

"That? Why, that would cost you \$90. I made a suit out of that cloth for Banker Gammon last week. If you can afford such a—"

"Bless my soul, no! Haven't you something that would make a serviceable suit for about \$15?"

CHAP. VI.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Smearens, but I'm in bad luck. My family is sick. I'm out of work, we're desperately hard up. Can you lend me \$5 till I get a job? I'll pay it back. I will, on my honor."

"Lend you \$5, Bluejohn? I'd rather do that than to see my hungry, old fellow. Take that, and if I can do anything more for you don't hesitate to call upon me."

"Why, Smearens, this is a \$100 bill. You don't mean—"

"Don't! I'll make it \$500 if you say another word—merciful Heaven! I can't either. Bluejohn, I made a mistake. Give me the \$100 bill. Here's the \$5. Pay it as soon as you can conveniently. I'm rather short of money now."

CHAP. VII.

"Barbara, dear girl, you have been

so gentle, so loving, so good, that I can hardly find words to tell you how dear you are to me. Every hour of my life shall be devoted to making you happy. You have often said that we could be as contented in a cottage as in a palace, and so we could, Barbara."

"So we could, Bolivar, dear."

"And yet, Barbara, you would not object, after we are married, to live in a Plymouth-rock-tinted stone mansion on Prairie avenue, would you? A wedding tour to Europe wouldn't strike you as a bad idea, would it, darling?"

"Why, Bolivar, are you crazy? Or have you been deceiving me all these months? Are you indeed a man of wealth, and can you—"

"Gosh-ding, the daddled-rum-bummed contract to conglomeration! Forgive me, Barbara. No, I am the same poor young man you have always thought me to be. We won't live in a stone front. We'll live in a \$15-flat. And we won't go to Europe."

CHAP. VIII.

"Mr. Ryno, in this bag you will find all the money I have drawn from you, except, perhaps, \$50, which is all I have been able to get rid of. I have come to throw up my contract. I wouldn't go ahead with it to the end of the year for \$50,000,000. And now will you oblige me by telling me the name of your principal? Is he a man or a wizard?"

"They call him the Wizard of Wall Street," replied Mr. Ryno.—Chicago Tribune.

WOMAN IN JOURNALISM.

Her Success as a Reporter, Interviewer and Editorial Writer.

Women in New York journalism are becoming not less a potent literary influence, but a great power. There is scarcely a leading daily that is not indebted to her pen for some of the most thoughtful editorials, not as occasional contributors either, but as part of the regular staff. Not a few of the ablest book reviews and essays on moral and social reform, to say nothing of dramatic and art criticism and the whole field of belles lettres, are from that source, but as a rule they are not adepts at, probably because they have rarely any taste for, metaphysical or mathematical themes; and consequently the amount of work of that kind entrusted to them is comparatively little. I speak now more particularly of the daily press. Women had always found more or less congenial and profitable employment on the literary weeklies and the monthly magazines, but the field was narrow, being restricted for the most part to love stories, poetry, society gossip, and the latest fashions; but their destined identification with the more exacting functions of metropolitan journalism dates no further back than, say, thirty-five or forty years ago. The late Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, so long associated with Peterson's Magazine, and whose memory is still cherished in Philadelphia as it is here, may be said to have led the way as literary critic and editorial contributor to the New York Express, a position which she held for some years, notwithstanding an accumulation of other literary labors in the realm of fiction, including not a few novels, such as "Fashion and Fame," and at the time won a pronounced popularity. Mrs. Stephens succeeded on the same journal by another author, only less known to fame, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet, best known, perhaps, to the reading public as author of "The Women of the Revolution," and later on Mrs. R. N. Cromwell, author of "Mum et Tuum," made her mark as a poetical contributor to the same columns. The civil war at this time had something to do in giving the women their opportunity in taking the place of their clerical writers, who were off at the front as correspondents. Meanwhile the Times, Tribune, World and other dailies were availing themselves in like manner of the best female talent they could get for special writing, and from that time until the present it has always had a good market when backed by painstaking industry. In the less conspicuous paths of daily journalism, it need hardly be said, women are not only quite numerous, but are among the most efficient and conscientious workers. As reporters and interviewers they have a ready tact which serves them well, but of course, in the rough work of a political campaign, they are out of place, nor do they seek to occupy it. But at many of the churches on Sunday, when preachers of note occupy the pulpit, they may be seen at the reporters' table, along with those of the masculine gender, without exciting the surprise that would be felt by minister or congregation in former years, when such an innovation was undreamed of. The fact is worth recording, not only as showing the increasing opportunities which are now presented for women to utilize their intelligence and industry, but also as evidencing an abatement of the narrow prejudice that formerly existed against the application of woman's abilities to any field of usefulness beyond the strictly domestic circles.—N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

How to Take Leave.

Not all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying. Don't say: "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, where the place thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and every body in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt when you are ready to go—go.—Household.

BUTTER AND BEEF.

An Attack on the Unreasonable Statements Made by Many Dairymen.

The statement has several times been made at meetings of dairymen that the same amount of food that is required to make a pound of fat beef will produce milk enough to make a pound of butter. Some farmers have been led to believe that this can generally be done. But such is not the case. With ordinary cows, ordinary care, and the kinds of food that most farmers have at their disposal, three pounds of flesh and fat can be produced on one animal while another is giving the milk from which a pound of butter is made. The possible and the probable are very far apart in dairying, as in almost every thing else that people undertake. From the milk of a choice cow of one of the dairy herds, as a Jersey, an amount of butter may be made that will equal the gain in weight of another cow that has been allowed the same kind of food. At least this may be done during a few months of the year.

During the past few years the owners of cows of different dairy breeds have endeavored to reach the maximum milking capacity of some of their animals. They have done this in order to advertise their breeding stock and to call attention to the merits of the breed to which they belong. In several instances they have succeeded in making two or more pounds of butter a day from the milk given by one cow. It does not follow, however, that the cows that broke the butter record were very profitable to their owners. One of them costs as much as a horse that broke the trotting record. She was kept in a building better than that provided for most human beings. She was supplied with stimulating food; was given a soft bed, filtered water, and a variety of condiments. She was carried, brushed and washed. The time selected for testing her butter capacity was about a month after she had dropped her calf, and always during the most pleasant portion of the year.

Like the precocious children who read before those of the same age are able to talk, the cow that beats the butter record generally dies very young and often dies soon after she has achieved fame for herself and a reputation for her relatives. An experiment was performed on her that can not be repeated. Like those the gods love she died young. Such experiments are seldom made with a view of ascertaining how fast a beef animal can be made to gain in weight. Careful feeders would be reluctant to try to ascertain how much a cow or steer could be made to gain in a month. They would fear that the creature would not live to be driven to the butcher. Besides, they know that there is no profit in forcing the growth of an animal beyond a certain limit. They know, too, as every dairymen knows, that there is no profit in stimulating the secretion of milk with a view of seeing how much butter can be made in a certain time.

Farmers who abandon stock raising for dairying with the expectation of obtaining as many pounds of butter as they have obtained of beef by feeding the same amount and kind of food to the same number of animals will be disappointed. It is not likely that they will be successful in obtaining more than one-third as many pounds. They will also find many expenses in dairying that they never had in raising beef. They will be obliged to have better barns and to give more care to their animals. During the summer and early fall the steer that gains a pound or more each day is of no trouble to its owner. It eats the grass growing in the pasture, drinks from the brook that flows through it, quietly lies down at night, and grows fat all the time. The cow, however, must be milked night and morning, and her milk must be set to allow the cream to rise or be run through a separator. The cream must then be churned, worked, salted, packed and sent to market. For the only expense incurred in the production of beef. Little or no labor is required to add a hundred pounds to the weight of a steer, but a hundred pounds of butter represents a large amount of labor. Skill is not necessary to the production of beef, but it is absolutely essential to the making of good butter, and only such as is very good commands a high price.—Chicago Times.

Smoot and Dead Cows.

An Iowa farmer lost four cows last fall in consequence of their running in the stalk field. He writes that he is told that it was smut that killed them and he asks our opinion. Our opinion is that a vast deal of nonsense is written about smut. Not that cattle can be killed with it. We do not believe, however, that one animal in a hundred that die when turned into the stalk field, dies from the effect of the smut eaten. Now here is the common practice: The herd is turned into the stalk field and left to run there. The appetite for the new fodder is keen; the animal eats and not only eats but stuffs itself on this dry, indigestible food. Perhaps there is no access to water. Now nobody need look very far for the cause of death under such circumstances. He need not bother his head much about smut. Cattle under such circumstances would be sickened and die if there never was a particle of smut in the world. We do not mean by this that we should be reckless and permit cattle to eat smut. We do mean that when cattle are first turned into the stalk field, they should not be permitted to remain too long and should have access to water. Smut will escape a good many indications if that rule is followed. The delirium which often attacks cattle under such circumstances is sometimes attributed to the smut. Pack a stomach full of hard and nobody need wonder why a cow "goes crazy." Rather may he wonder if the man who wonders why she is delirious, is not himself crazy.—American Stockman.

—There is salt enough in the sea to cover 7,000,000 square miles with a layer one mile in thickness.

HOME AND FARM.

—Too much grain is more detrimental to breeding stock than not enough. The food should be bulky, with a small allowance of grain.

—Save the old brooms and take them to the barn. They are handy to clean the mud off the horses' legs with, and can be put to many other uses around the stables.

—Windows can be cleaned in winter, and the frost entirely removed, by using a gill of alcohol to a pint of hot water. Clean quickly, and rub dry with a warm chamolisk skin.

—Horses can, of course, stand more exposure in cold weather than men, but the same kind of exposure that produces colds, rheumatism, etc., in men, will be liable to affect horses in the same way. It is, therefore, apparent that warm stables, good blankets and protection from severe weather are necessary.

—Boiled Beans: Boil the beans till nearly done, then make a dough of one pint of flour. Add one teaspoonful soda and a pinch of salt. Wet with enough rich butter milk to make a rather soft dough. Roll into a long roll and pinch off pieces the size of an egg and form into balls and boil fifteen minutes. Don't lift the cover till done.

—Finger Bread Patties: Two table-spoons melted butter, one cup molasses spooned together, add one teaspoonful ginger, and a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful saleratus in a cup of hot water; let it cool a little before stirring in the mixture; three cups flour—bake in patty pans.—Albany Journal.

—Creamed Mushrooms: Peel the mushrooms, cut off the stalks, and put them in a sauce-pan, add butter, and let them cook ten minutes, and add a teaspoon of thick cream, pepper and salt. Take from the fire, add the well-beaten yolk of one egg, and a tablespoonful of grape jelly. Serve immediately.—Farm and Fireside.

—To clean and polish a parlor organ or piano, wash it with a soft, old silk handkerchief wrung out in lukewarm soda made with best Castile soap. Then dry immediately, and rub with chamolisk skin, and if the instrument is very much scratched and defaced, rub with good furniture polish and polish for a long time with a dry chamolisk, or a piece of soft silk.

—After winter grain is sown there is yet time to remedy defects of soil and exposure. If there is a knoll in the field it is probably the poorest part of the lot, and one or more loads of manure distributed over it any time before winter will have a wonderful effect, not alone upon the grain crop, but on the equally important clover or grass seedling that should go with it. If a farmer will do this every time a field is sown the poor knoll will soon become as rich as any part of the farm.

—There is such a thing as a natural aptitude for different kinds of business. One farmer will grow poor on rich farm, while another will grow rich on a poor farm. One poultryman will make money in fowls, and another will lose it. The one is adapted to his business, the other is the right man in the wrong place, or the wrong man in the right place. Success can be had only when the right man is in the right place. Life is strewn with the wrecks of those who have attempted to make a square bolt fit a round hole.

Feeding Bran or Potatoes.

Approaching the subject from the chemical side we can get a pretty satisfactory answer from that point of view. At 25 cents per bushel potatoes are worth about 40 cents per 100 pounds. Calling bran \$12 per ton we have a cost of 60 cents per 100 pounds, so that the question is: "Which is the cheaper feed, potatoes at 40 cents per 100 pounds, or bran at 60?" On page 104 of the fourth annual report of this station is a table showing the digestible constituents of our common food articles. By this table we find 100 pounds of potatoes, worth 40 cents, contain 1 pound protein, 16.6 pounds of carbohydrates, 100 pounds wheat bran, worth 60 cents, contains 12.6 pounds protein and 47 pounds carbohydrates and fat. It is quite evident that bran is far cheaper than the potatoes for feeding purposes at the prices named, and if a farmer can get 25 cents per bushel for the potatoes he can afford to haul them some distance to exchange them for bran at such prices. The potatoes would require cooking if fed to cows. I believe, however, that if one should feed potatoes to stock he will get rather better results than would be indicated by a chemical expression as I have here given. Animals require variety in their food in order to make the best gains, and the farmer who feeds nothing but hay and bran, or cornstalks and bran all winter long will find that for a time his animals will show remarkable results from almost any new kind of palatable food they may receive.—Hoards Dairyman.

Extracting Oil from Wood.

The French scientific journal La Nature states that the extraction of oil from wood in Sweden is becoming year by year a more important industry. Those parts of the trees which have hitherto been regarded as useless, such as the stumps and roots, are no longer left in the forest to rot, but are subjected to various methods of treatment, by which, not only wood oil, but also turpentine, creosote, acid of vinegar, charcoal and tar are obtained from them. The oil as it is now usually extracted can not be burned in ordinary lamps, for it smokes too much; but it may be used in special lamps, which are not dissimilar to the usual photogen lamps. The latter can easily be adapted to wood oil, and when the oil is mixed with a certain quantity of photogen, it may be consumed in ordinary lamps. It costs about 3d. per pint, it does not explode and lasts twenty-five times longer than photogen. When intended for lighting, it is extracted wholly from pines and firs. Thirty factories in Sweden make its extraction part of their business, and the production is now considerable.

JOURNALISTIC JOTTINGS.

It is said that a secret treaty has been concluded between Japan and Russia against England.

A TABLET in memory of Henry Ward Beecher is to be placed in the wall of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

A WASHINGTON paper says that not a dollar of conscientious money has been received at the Treasury for two years.

The Sea-Casting and Shooting Club is the name of an organization in Tennessee which meets once a week to play checkers.

A ULYSSES (Neb.) man has built the "largest corn-crib on earth." It is 400 feet long, 12 feet wide and 12 feet high, and holds 25,000 bushels of corn.

It is getting to be the fashion in New York to talk tenement houses with free tenants for the purpose of selling them. The sale being effected, the tenants move out.

It is thought by experts that the next census, to be taken June 1, 1890, will show a population in the United States of 64,000,000—an increase of 14,000,000 over that of 1870.

A ROCKIST fell into a Yellowstone Park geyser the other day and was carried some distance below the surface of the earth. An instant later he was hurled up fully twenty feet above the ground.

It is proposed to make a new county for Connecticut from the Sixth and Twentieth Senatorial districts. The named suggested is "Waterbury" County, and it would include eight towns, with an aggregate wealth of \$22,458,093.

The Scientific American says the great oil fields of New York and Pennsylvania are rapidly becoming exhausted. The supply has fallen from 100,000 to 43,000 barrels per day. Search is being made for new fields.

A RESIDENT of Detroit, Mich., recently purchased a real gondola when he was in Venice, paying \$480 for it. The freight bill exceeds the original cost of the boat. It will accommodate twenty persons, and will float on the Detroit river next season.

The postmaster of New York says that if the rates paid by the Government for carrying the mails on the railroads of the country were reduced in the same proportion as the companies have reduced freight rates to private parties, a one-cent rate for letters could be immediately inaugurated without increasing the present post-office deficit.

There is only one woman in the United States who is entitled on all occasions to the privilege of the floor of the Senate. This is the wife of Senator John H. Reagan of Texas, who has been appointed private secretary by her husband, with all the honors and emoluments of that position, amounting to \$2,000 a year. This is said to be the first case of the kind in the records of the Senate.

The last "drop-a-penny-in-the-slot" automatic machine is that perfected by Canon Baret, the celebrated Irish dairy authority. In return for a penny it gives a drink of milk in a paper "glass." He is confident that this will lead to a great increase in the use of milk as a beverage in cities. Over 120,000 glasses were sold on one holiday in Dublin, and more than two hundred of the buyers said that it was the first time they had ever tasted cow's milk.

BITS OF BUSINESS.

An ordinary umbrella is the product of 30 skilled workmen.

Eight million eggs were imported into this country from Canada last year.

It was estimated that the holiday sale of books in New York would reach 1,633,000 volumes.

The town of Cheboygan, Mich., estimates annually 10,553,000 feet of lumber, 24,939,000 lath and 7,600,000 shingles.

BATH, Me., shipbuilders launched during last year twenty-five vessels, with a gross tonnage of 12,255 tons, representing a value of \$650,000.

English furriers excel in dyeing seal-skins but Americans lead the world in cutting and shaving the skin into handsome, well-fitting garments.

In answer to the question: "What becomes of all the cracked and used-up billiard balls?" a New York contemporary says that those of real ivory are bought up and cut into dice and other small articles.

BARTON COMPTON is enthusiastically delighted with the prospect of access for deep-sea fishing off Queen Charlotte's Island. Black cod are found in abundance, and a great industry for the province is expected.

It is said that an American syndicate, with a capital of \$500,000, has been formed to construct a railroad in Siberia, and that several former and present American diplomats are connected with the project.

According to a Japanese journal there are twenty cotton factories now in operation in Japan, with a total of 32,689 spindles. There are also twenty factories in process of establishment or extension, with an estimated capacity of 181,550 spindles.

AUSTRALIA exported 1,280,760 bales of wool in the year ended June 30, 1888, against 1,148,810 bales the previous year. Comparatively little is shipped direct to America, though large quantities of Australian wool are purchased by American buyers at the London wool sales.

A COMPANY has just been incorporated in San Francisco for the manufacture of champagne under a new German patent, by which, it is claimed, fermentation is accelerated. Instead of waiting two years for full fermentation, fine champagne can be made by this process in three or four weeks.

DERING the same year in which 63,000,000 pounds of beans went out of California, 2,600,000 pounds of onions were sent from the Golden State. What is California's good time for shipping vegetables East. From the middle of October till the last of January cabbages and onions went their way Eastward.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, January 14, 1890.
COTTON—Native Steers..... \$4.00 @ 5.25
COTTON—Middling..... 5.12 @ 5.15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 1.00 @ 1.02 1/2
CORN—No. 2..... 44 1/2 @ 45 1/2
OATS—Western Mixed..... 28 @ 29
PORK—Mess (new)..... 14 1/2 @ 15 1/2

SP. LOTS.
COTTON—Middling..... 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
BEEVES—Good Choice..... 3 50 @ 4 40
FAIR TO MEDIUM..... 3 10 @ 3 40
HOGS—Common to Select..... 4 50 @ 5 25
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 3 50 @ 4 25
FLOUR—Patents..... 9 20 @ 9 30
XXX to Choice..... 3 10 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 25 1/2 @ 26 1/2
OATS—No. 2 Mixed..... 23 1/2 @ 24 1/2
RYE No. 2..... 17 @ 17 1/2
TOBACCO—Louis. Burley..... 2 75 @ 7 00
HAY—Choice Timothy..... 10 50 @ 12 50
CUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 13 @ 15
EGGS—Fresh..... 13 @ 15 1/2
PORK—Standard Mess (new)..... 13 50 @ 13 75
BACON—Clear Rib..... 7 1/2 @ 7 50
LARD—Prime Steam..... 7 @ 7 1/2
WOOL—Choice Turkey..... 6 @ 6 50

CHICAGO.
CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... 4 50 @ 4 50
HOGS—Good to Choice..... 3 50 @ 3 55
SHEEP—Good to Choice..... 3 50 @ 3 55
FLOUR—Winter..... 5 50 @ 5 55
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 97 1/2 @ 98
EGGS—Fresh..... 13 @ 15 1/2
OATS—No. 3 White..... 24 @ 24 1/2
PORK—New Mess..... 13 50 @ 13 75

KANSAS CITY.
CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... 3 80 @ 4 70
HOGS—Sales at..... 4 75 @ 5 20
WHEAT—No. 2..... 25 @ 26
OATS—No. 2..... 21 @ 22
CORN—No. 2..... 42 @ 43

NEW ORLEANS.
FLOUR—High Grade..... 4 25 @ 5 50
HOGS—Choice Western..... 17 1/2 @ 18 00
HAY—Choice..... 17 1/2 @ 18 00
BACON—Clear Rib..... 8 1/2 @ 8 1/2
COTTON—Middling..... 8 1/2 @ 8 1/2

LOUISVILLE.
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 1 00 @ 1 02
CORN—No. 2..... 25 @ 26
OATS—No. 2 Mixed..... 23 @ 25
PORK—Mess..... 13 50 @ 13 75
COTTON—Middling..... 8 1/2 @ 8 1/2

UNEXPECTED JOYS.

The Genuine Delight with Which They Inspire Their Recipient.

Often the most delicious joys of life are those that come upon us unexpectedly. Their value is enhanced by their being a surprise to us. To light unexpectedly, when we are sterner at work, down in some rough and gloomy ravine of daily toil, upon a lovely wild flower, where we least thought of ever finding any thing so pleasing, gives a more genuine and a fresher delight than any other pleasure.

Let us have our homes in our leisure hours go out and pluck a beautiful rose from a bush which we ourselves have planted. To come incidentally upon some unanticipated and fresh token of friendship some indirect evidence of success in our life work, some little child's unlooked-for manifestation of affection, some unexpected disclosure of sympathy or appreciation on the part of one whose commendation has an exceptional value, is worth far more to us than much formal recognition, or anticipated triumph, or elaborately arranged scheme of enjoyment. How easily, too, we can bring this joy into the hearts of our friends by a considerate use of the little joys of life.

There are always presenting themselves for our improving!—S. S. Times.

Something New.
A new and very effective thing which is taking hold on the market is a valuable discovery made known through The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md., proprietors of the renowned St. Jacobs Oil, and known as Diamond Vera-Cura, for Dyspepsia, a positive cure for indigestion and all stomach troubles arising therefrom. If not found in the stock of druggist or dealer, it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents in boxes \$1.00 in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of two-cent stamp. It has been found on trial to be a very sure and reliable remedy for heartburn, nausea, giddiness, constipation, nervousness and low spirits, and it is spoken of and recommended by all who have used it and have found lasting benefits.

When corn pops it gets ghastly white. It is much the same with bashful young men.—Harper's Bazar.